# 2 LIFE AND DEATH.

Deth life survive the touch of Death?
Death's hand alone the secret holds,
Which as to each one he unfolds,
We press to know with bated breath.

A whisper there, a whisper here, Confirms that hope to which we cling; But atili we grasp at anything. And sometimes hope and sometimes fear.

Some whisper that the dead we knew Hover around us while we pray, Anxious to speak. We cannot say; We only wish it may be true.

I know a Stoic who has thought,
"As healthy blood flows through his veins,
And joy his present life sustains,
And all this good has come unsought,

For more he cannot rightly pray, Life may extend or life may cease; He bides the issue, sure of peace, Sure of the best in God's own way.

"Perfection waits the race of man;
If, working out this great design,
God cuts us off, we must resign
To be the refuse of His plan,"

But I, for one, feel no such peace; I dare to think I have in me That which had better never be; If lost before it can increase. And oh! the ruined piles of mind, Daily discovered everywhere, Built but to crumble in despair?— I dare not think him so unkind.

And does the wisest worker take Quick human hearts, instead of stone, And hew and carve them one by one, Nor heed the pangs with which they break &

And more; if but creation's waste, Would He have given us sonse to For the perfection none can earn And hope the fuller life to taste?

I think, if we must cease to be, It is a cruelty refined, To make the instincts of our mind Stretch out toward eternity.

Wherefore I welcome nature's cry,
As carnest of a life again,
Where thought shall nover be in vain,
And doubt before the light shall fly.

Macmillan's Magazine.

### "SURPRISED."

The evening train was just starting for its journey out into the solitudes of country wilds, when a tall, handsome man of seven or eight and twenty darted frantically into the depot and swung himself, after a perilous fashion, upon the platform of the moving cars!
"Just saved myself!" was his complacent remark, and he settled himself on the velvet cushions under the lamp.
"Yas availy just!" commented.

"Yes—exactly just!" commented a gentleman who sat opposite. "I tell you what, Harry Kneller, I shouldn't repeat that kind of experiment very often if I were you."

often, if I were you."

"Well, you see, I was in a great hurry. I've been getting a little surprise for my spife, and somehow I got bearing time."

behind time."

"A surprise, eh?"

"You see," went on Mr. Kneller, confidently leaning over toward his friend, "she's exceedingly fond of fried oysters, and up in the country we never get any of that sort of thing."
"So that's the secret of the pail, eh?"
said Georgo Arden, laughing good-hu-

moredly.

Mr. Kneller, on getting home, deposited his precious burden carefully in the corner of the porch and walked in

with a nonchalant air.
"Well, Mattie!" as the blue-eyed woman came to meet him and put up a rosy mouth to be kissed; "supper

"Yes—and I'm so glad you come home early, Harry, for Mrs. Evarts is sick, and they want me to sit up with her to-night."

"All right!" said Harry, good-humoredly. "Go, by all means, my pet."

And he rubbed his hands, thinking gleefully of the fine field he should have for his "surprise." "I will be back before seven to-mor-

row, Harry." went on Mary Kneller a musical clinking among the china tea cups and saucers, "and you shall have your breakfast in time for the train." "Shall I?" thought Harry, nearly choking himself with scalding tea, in his strong sense of the implied joke.
"Couldn't have happened better," he

pondered, as he toasted his slipper soles before the fire, while Mary was washing the chiaa, and hovering about the apartment "on household thoughts intent"— or Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kneller were young people of limited income, and had not yet aspired to the dignity of "help"—"no; it couldn't possibly have happened better! A fair field and no favor; and when Mattie comes back to morrow marning she'll comes back to-morrow morning she'll find breakfast ready, fried oysters and all, or I'm uncommonly mistaken! Won't it be a jolly surprise?"

Won't it be a jolly surprise?"

"Good gracious, Harry! what are you doing?" ejaculated Mary, as her husband gave vent to a very audible chuckle. "What pleases you so much?"

"Pleases me? Nothing!" said Harry, trying to look austere all of a sudden, and uttering, "I—I was thinking how lonely I should be without you, dear!"

So Mrs. Harry Kueller tied a little white Cashmere hood over her brown

white Cashmere hood over her brown ringlets, and enveloped herself in a prodigious Scotch plaid shawl, and tripped away under her husband's arm to Mrs. Evart's abode, half a mile be-

door.
"Good-night, Harry."
"And I say, Mattie," pursued Kneller,
unable to repress a brief flash of exul-

tation, "don't be astonished at any little surprise I may have in store for you to morrow morning!"

laughing and crying, he looked sheep-ishly round on the chaos and ruin that surrounded the death agonies of his little surprise I may have in store for you to morrow morning !

"Surprise?"
But Harry was off before the dissyllable had fairly passed Mary's lips.
"It will be jolly fun!" thought

Harry.

With the first gray dawn of the chilly winter morning Harry Kneller was up and stirring with a vivid remembrance

he, carefully holding the skirts of his morning wrapper, so that the fire should not endanger them. "Oh, I remem-ber! I left them out on the piazza.

And he made a rush for the piazza. "Frozen, by Inpiter! Just my luck exactly! frozen like a rock. However, they're easily thawed out again, on a hot dre; and I'll put the coffee stewing too. I don't know just exactly what the regulation rations of coffee are, but if I fill the pot half full it can't help being strong."

Mr. Kueller made a liberal appor-tionment of coffee, filled up the pot with water, and placed it on the hot coals with a countenance expressive of great satisfaction; while close beside it the pail of frozen oysters was exposed to the genial influence of caloric.

"They'll boil like ginger pretty soon," thought Harry. "And now I'll stir up a buckwheat or so—I know where Mattie keeps the bag of flour."

"Stir up a buckwheat or so" seneda

"Stir up a buckwheat or so" seunds remarkably easy, but Mr. Kueller found it a more difficult task than he had ap-

prehended where—the hitchis," slowly soliloquized our hero. "It ought to foam over, with little bubbles on the top, at least Mattie's always does. Perhaps the cold weather makes a dif-ference. Hallos! I've forgotten all about the potatoes!"

But not a potato could be found, and But not a potato could be found, and Harry Kueller, with all the originality of a great mind, fell back on a pan of withered yellow turnips, four in number, which he put boiling in a prodigious iron pot, with the cover safely held down by a couple of flat irons.

"It will boil all the sconer," thought Harry. "Nothing like an economy of heat. Now then for the oysters!"

The frying pan was liberally

The frying pan was liberally anointed with butter and placed on the fire, and Harry began operations by impaling a fat half-frozen oyster on the

prongs of a fork.

"They dredge 'em in flour first," thought Harry, reflectively eyeing his his oyster; "and where the flour barrel is, I'm hanged if I know! Ah-h! there it is under the cellar shelf."

And Harry plunged his oyster down into the white powdery depths, bringing it up an oblong sphere of snow.

"That's the time of day! Now, my

"That's the time of day! Now, my fine fellow, cook away at your leisure, while I give your brothers white jackets, too! This is certainly a remarkably fine flour. How fragrant the coffee smells! Here's a little drawbackfrying pan not big enough to hold the oysters! Never mind; we'll put them in first and second series, like a volume of popular essays!"

Mr. Harry Kneller paused to wipe the streaming perspiration from his brow. Half-past six! Mary would soon be home—the "surprise" must

really be accelerated!

"I really think the oysters must be done on one side now," said Harry, eyeing the frying-pan scientifically and making a dive at its contents with a fork, "Halloo! wby, they're as hard as bullets! What on earth is the matter?"

He stared with discomfited eyes at the round, adamantine balls that he imagined juicy hearted oysters!

"I'm not bewitched, am I?" he pon-dered. "I've heard of money chang-ing to dry leaves, but I never heard of oysters being transformed to stone! It and I've been and gone and done it!
I've dredged my oysters in plaster of
Paris that was brought for the garden, instead of the flour! Here's a pretty blunder! All the oysters spoilt! twenty five of 'em at five cents apiece, and all through my stupidity!" And at the same moment the spout of

the britannia coffee-pot parted company with its main reservoir, and the coffee grounds, wa'er, and melting metal poured into the fire in confused steam,

ashes, and noise. While Harry Kneller gazed at the chaos with a dim idea that it would be best to evacuate the kitchen property before the occurrence of any more disasters, the two flat-irons, impelled by some unforeseen hydraulic pressure, flew up against the ceiling, coming noisily down among china cups and piled-up plates, the pot cover following with noise like the report of artillery, and giving Mr. Kneller a smart rap on the side of the head as it came down, which stretched him on the floor, still holding the fossilled oyster out on the end of a

toasting fork.

While Harry lay prone on the kitchen oil-cloth, considering within himself whether he were killed dead, mortally wounded, or not hurt at all, the door opened, and Mrs. Kneller rushed in pale

and breathless. "He has shot himself—I knowne has! He has committed suicide! Oh, Harry, my own, own husband, speak to me 'Tell me you are not dead!"

"No-I don't think I am," enunciated tripped away under her husband's arm to Mrs. Evart's abode, half a mile beyond.

"Good-night, darling!" said Harry, stooping to kiss her rosy cheeks at the door.

"Good-night, darling!" said Harry, stooping to kiss her rosy cheeks at the door.

coffee-pot. But I'm not dead, I think!"
And while Mary assisted him to rise,
in a little hysteric tremor between ambition as a cook.

"You see, Mattie," he said, glancing dolorously down at his ash-besprinkled habiliments, "I wanted to give you a little surprise, and—"

Mattie," he said that evening, as Mrs. Kneller handed him his second cup of

"Why didn't my buckwheat batter foam over and bubble as yours does? I stirred it until my arm was lame." "My dear," said Mary, laughing, "do you suppose the buckwheat batter didn't know the difference between you

and me?"
"Nonsense!" "Of course it's nonsense," said Mary, demurely, "if you mean your attempting to fry oysters in plaster of Paris!"

And Mr. Kneller did not answer.

Letsure Hours.

#### Fashion Notes.

Corded jaconet is the favorite material for afternoon dresses.

Veils are almost entirely discarded during this warm weather.

Embroidered "mule" slippers are, of course, for dressing-room wear only.

It takes a remarkably pretty foot, with a very high instep, to wear a shoe

with grace.

The sun hats that the ladies are wear ing at the seaside, look like inverted chopping-dishes tied on the head by a bit of blue ribbon.

Very wide scarfs of China crepe, and of silk gauze, take the place of over-skirts, by being draped in a similar manner and tied at the back.

Bustles are being worn again. Of those the "pompadour" is the most in vogue, although there are many who are wearing full length hoops.

The hats design d for croquet are Japanese shape, and entirely covered with white muslin, finished by a black velvet bow in the center.

Black granding over-dress embroid.

Black grenadine over-dress, embroid-ored in the long black India stitch and made heavy with fine cut jet beads, are among the most stylish of the season. To accommodate the high ruffs and collars, the hair is worn high on the head. Ourls of all sizes from little

frizzes to long tresses, are arranged to mingle with the braids and coils. It is very common now for ladies to bave boots made of a piece of the material of their dresses. The gay or brown linens are especially desirable for wear

with linen costumes. Jabots are again in favor. The most elegant of those are of Mechlin lace, arranged so as to form five or six shells, with loops of delicate colored crape in each shell, and a bow at the top.

There appears to be some change in the style of wearing the hair. The back braid is not worn so low in the neck, and on top of the head a number of finger puffs are arranged in a most peculiar manner.

Even linen collars are made to stand at the neck, and are high at the back, with very small corners turned down at the front. For morning wear and trav-eling, figured percele is being quite

eling, figured percele is being quite generally chosen.

Striped navy blue cambric takes the place of the figured and polka dot. The demand is greater than the supply, as the manufacturers are preparing their looms for fall fabrics, and refuse to make any more of that style.

The most popular night robe is that

The most popular night robe is that with a sacque front and double yoke The most elegant ones imported for trousseaux have a square pompa-dour yoke of tucks, insertion and lace, and reach the price of \$70.

In the glove line the Swedish or Saxony kid are the handsomest. Just now it is so warm, however, that even Lisle thread gloves are vetoed, and the old-fashioned silk mits are worn by those who care more for ease than fashion.

The belts with chatelaine attachments are no longer novelties, but our designs show them the latest and most approved styles, with the exact methods adopted for fastening and holding them in posi-

Designs for summer boots and slippers show a vast improvement on the unnatural and highly ornamented designs of some previous season. These are shaped to the foot, are suitable for walking, for mountain excursions, and seaside revels in the sand.

For street wear, kid boots, buttoned or laced high, and with broad soles, are the popular styles. Low cut shoes or ties will be worn in the street later in the season. Canvas slippers, or toilet slippers, as they are called, are made of yellow canvas and trimmed with either black or blue braid.

# Royal Religions.

Queen Victoria is the legal head of the Episcopal church of England, and the Presbyterian church of Scotland. When she is in England her Presbyterianism is practically called "dissent," and when she recrosses the Tweed into Scotland her Episcopalianism becomes "dissent" there. She has a morbid hatred of ritualism. The Prince of Wales is inclined to ritualistic ceremonies, while his eldest sister, the Crown Princess of Germany, is a Lutheran; his brother-in-law, Lord Lorne is a Presbyterian; another brother-in-law, the Crown Prince of Prussia, is a Protestant Lutheran; a sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburg, is a Greek Catholie; her husband is a Low Church Episcopalian; the other brothers and sisters are Episcopalians and Presbyte-rians by turn, their particular creed depending upon their residence for the time being. The Princess of Wales is naturally bewildered with the manifold religions of her royal relations, and clings to the faith she was taught in

With the first gray dawn of the chilly winter morning Harry Kneller was up and stirring with a vivid remembrance of the laurels he was to reap by that morning's work.

"Where are the oysters?" pondered "Itles surprise, and—
"And you have entirely succeeded, with the first gray dawn of the chilly on have entirely succeeded, with the first gray dawn of the chill succeeded, with the first gray dawn of the chill succeeded, with the first gray dawn of the chill succeeded in the chill succeeded in life as a cook."

"In some localities of Illino child succeeded, with the chill succeeded in life as a cook."

"In some localities of Illino child succeeded, with the chill succeeded in life as a cook."

"In some localities of Illino child succeeded, with the child succeeded in life as a cook." In some localities of Illinois the chinch-bug has already destroyed half

AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

Henry M. Stanley Sent Cut by the New York Herald and London Daily Tele-graph to Finish Livingstone's Work.

We are in the position this morning to announce that arrangements have been concluded between the proprietors of the Daily Telegraph and Mr. Bennett, proprietor of the New York Herald, under which an expedition will at once he dignatohed to Africa with at once be dispatched to Africa with the object of investigating and report-ing upon the haunts of the slave trad-ers; of pursuing to fulfillment the magnificent discoveries of the great explorer, Dr. Livingstone, and of com-pleting, if possible, the remaining problems of Central African geography. This expedition has been undertaken by, and will be under the sole comby, and will be under the sole command of Mr. Henry M. Stanley, whose successful journey "in search of Livingstone," upon the suggestion and at the charge of the proprietor of the New York Herald, was the means of succoring the illustrious traveler, and securing to science the fruit of his researches, while it enabled our distinguished countryman to prosecute his latest investigations. Mr. Stanley will in a short time leave England fully equipped with boats, arms, stores, and all the provision neccessary for a thorough and protracted African expedition. Commissioned by the Daily Telegraph and the New York Herald in concert, he will represent the two nations whose he will represent the two nations whose common interest in the regeneration of Africa was so well illustrated when the lost English explorer was re-discovered by the energetic American correspondent. In that memorable journey Mr. Stanley displayed the best qualities of an African traveler; and with no inconsiderable resources at his disposal to reinforce his own complete acquaint-ance with the conditions of African travel, it may be hoped that very imfortant results will accrue from this un-dertaking, to the advantage of science, humanity and civilization.—London Paily Iclegraph, July 4.

## Paris on Sunday.

On Sunday Paris puts on its garb of nedieval gayety and rushes madly to the races. An immense throng of vehicles make their way up the Champs Elysees, and from the Arc de Triomphe seem to cover the long and graceful alley under the blossoming trees like a sam of insects. All classes of the population join in the frequent carnival. Gamblers, duelists, and statesmen, ar. Gamblers, duelists, and statesmen, artists and poets, dukes and legitimists, the whole corps, apparently, of the Legion of Honor, clerks, shop-keepers, students, mingle in the mad chase of pleasure, and don the cap of folly. the fairer, but not in this instance al ways the gentler sex, the throng is no less conspicuous. Painted and daring faces dash by, from whose extravagant modes of dress the fashion of the world are governed. Close at their side are governed. Close at their side duchesses and famous women, the leaders of Parisian society, rich and languid mothers whose infants are at nurse in the deadly shambles of the suburbs, American matrons who are "educating" their children in Paris, English ladies who have forgotten the proprieties of Victoria's court. Virtue and vice ride on together. The refinements of the pirateonth contrary refinements of the nineteenth century, the delicacy of cultivated life, the charms of moral purity, are lost in medieval folly. It is as if one were transported back to the city of Rabelais or of Henry III., saw Catherine de Medici amidst her maids of honor, or the women of the Fronde and the League at their maddest exploits. In the Sunat their maddest exploits. In the Sun-day evenings, I am told, the throngs of fashion fill the theatres to listen plays from which modesty shrinks, which virtue trembles. It is easy conceive that in such society dissipation and mad gayety lead to their natural results, that crime, remorse, despair, brood over the scenes of fancied pleasures. Paris teems with tales of horror—unnatural mothers, frightful fathers; the wretched home the sudden death the wretched home, the sudden death, suspicions almost too dreadful to be told, fates harder than those of the victims of all common misfortune, are usual themes. There are rumors of fair American women who have pur-chased titles at the loss of their fortunes, happiness, and even their lives; of American families who have ven-tured within the circle of Parisian gayety, and been undone, It is certain that Paris is no safe school in which to complete an American education.

Embroidery Workers. A writer in Chamber's Journal says

"The great centre of Swiss embroidery is at St. Gall, and the day on which the work is brought is a festival; early in the morning the young women arrive from all parts in their Sunday attire. After attending service in the church they collect in a large room around a long table, where each receives a glass of white wine. They begin to sing one of their melodies in parts, while the master goes round the tables, examines the work and pays for it. If he refuses any, and declines to take it, the dispute is decided by a syndic, who sits in the next room. When examination is over, the head of the establishment throws a mass of embroidery patterns on the ta-ble; each girl chooses the kind she likes best; it is inscribed in her book, with the price agreed on, and the day when it is to be returned. They are very industrious; and by reasons of their great frugality, are contented with very poor remuneration; and be slightly sewing their pieces af work together. can have them washed at half the cost, In Saxony the wages are so low that it is wonderful how the women can live

cy, who can embroider coats of arms and oreats, earn three shillings a day; but from ten to twenty pence is the usu-al wages. It is a kind of work that en-dangers the sight; and as fushion reigns supreme, it not unfrequently happens that a style is abandoned before the orders are completed, when the merchant profits by the smallest protect to refuse the work from the manafacturers; and in this way the loss often falls upon the poor woman, who can scarcely buy her bread or clothes."

#### "Cats"-After Victor Hugo."

In the burlesque novel which Punch is In the burlesque novel which Punch is now publishing, after the French of "Fictor Nogo" (Victor Hugo), the following remarks on cats appear in connection with the passage of the hero through the streets of London at night: "Antoneroly, muttered to himself 'Heigho!" and passed along the deserted streets."

"He seemed to be treading on the silent tombs of the nameless and the forgotten. He heard the march of cats through

the darkness."
"They rushed to an attack with loud ries, springing up suddenly from every quarter—areas, roefs, balconies, lampposts, gutters, lanes, passages, courts, alleys, and thoroughfares,

"They flew up the trees in the squares, and scurried madly round the

"All their habits were nocturnal. "The feline rule always is to appear

unexpectedly.
"How many tragic sights have been witnessed by the statues of the metropolis!
"At Antoneroly's footsteps the cats
fled, filling mews after mews with their

unearthly cries.
"Quiet neighborhood—back streets.
These words sum up the whole of the

Feline war.

"They live in purr-lieus.

"It is a quarrel of localities of family against family; fabby against tor-

toise-shell; pussy-cat against pussy-cat.

"All our attempts, our movements in legislation and in education, our ency

clopædias, our philosophies, our genius, our glories, all fall before the Cats. "Could its youth be trained? "The Cat's-cradle has even been a "They love blind-alleys, Strange

"They love blind-alleys, Strange blindness!

A colossar sendle, a janging of Tittums, an immeasureable rebellion, without strategy, without plan, chivalric and savage, appearing like fantastic black, shadows, tails of the past, the devastation of g'asa, the destruction of flower-pots in back yards, the ruin of squares, the terror of invalids—such is the sleepless warfare.

the sleepless warfare. \* "Antoneroly passed on among the

The Duty of a Woman to be a Lady. Wildness is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all

that makes woman exalting and ennobling. "The world is wide, these things are small;
They may be nothing, but they are all."
Nothing? It is the first duty of a woman is to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense, Bad manners in woman is good sense, Bad manners in woman is thoroughly water-proof. There appropriately. Awkwardness may be immorality. Awkwardness may be in-"The world is wide, these things are small They may be nothing, but they are all." immorality. Awkwardness may be in-eradicable. Bashfulness is constitueradicable. Bashluiness is constitu-tional. Ignorance of etiquette is the result of circumstances. All can be condoned, and do not banish man or woman from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state prison of-fense, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint called imprisonment form of restraint called imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bit-ter shame that they need it. Women are the umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted points should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a prince. A lady is always in her right inalienably worlhy of respect. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not have impulses that need restraint. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought, wish to dance with the prince unsought, —feel differently. Be such that you confer honor. Carry yourselves so loftly that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you for rebuke. The natural sentiment of man toward woman is reverence. He loses a large means of grace when he is obliged to account her being to be trained into propriety. A man's ideal is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom; but if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in deli-cacy, in kindnes, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.— Gail Hamilton.

# The Crops in the North-west.

It is quite manifest that the advices from different sections of Minnesota, Wisconsin, northern Illinois, and Iowa indicate that the prospects for the yield of spring wheat are not so flattering as they were two weeks ago. In fact, it seems to be conceded that the yield of 1874 will be far below that of 1873.

Reports from all sections indicate that the corn crop looks as well as it did in 1872, which was an unusually prolific year, and corn is really food for both man and beast, and therefore, of the very first importance to the farmer. The weather continues dry, and if the corn has hereafter a sufficiency of rain, and the country is not unbends us; the idle can know nothing visited by the early autumnal frost, the farmers will make on their corn what and settle down to a life of enjoyment; look as if they had been drenched with scalding water, and great alarm is felt among the farming communities.

Is wonderful how the women can live upon them; in Scotland it is said that many of the children receive only halfpenny a day. A small number in Nandays earlier than it was in 1873,

they will lose on their smaller wheat crop. The harvest throughout the north-west generally will at least be ten days earlier than it was in 1873,

they will lose on their smaller wheat crop. The harvest throughout the north-west generally will at least be ten days earlier than it was in 1873,

#### PACTS AND FANCIES.

-Tomstoes were first used in this country as an edible in the year 1819, but they did not come into general use until more than twenty years subsequent to that date.

—A pair of old hoots, a bag of salt and a pound of copperas, if dropped into a spring at the right time of the year, will go a good ways toward establishing a fashionable summer resort. Oshkosh, Wis., boasts of a woman 104 years old, and, as it is popular to assign some reason for living so tong, it is asserted that she "never used kerosene oil."

—Simeon Gray, of Port Hope, Delaware, shot himself because some one left a baby on his door-step. How much better to have picked up the infant and softly handed it along to the house around the corner. house around the corner. to eratist

-In order to make the lowlands in —In order to make the lowlands in Louisiana safe for residents, 1,500 miles of levee, or 50,000,000 cubic yards of wall will have to be built. The necessary repairs at crevasses alone are expected to cost \$3,000,000, of which Uncle Sam is expected to pay two thirds.

-A writer in the Rural New Yorker ays, that cows should be salted every morning, and in the stable, before foddering, but never after taking water. This is the practice of the best stock-keepers of Switzerland, and he thinks it quite referable to salting them once or twice a week, or to keep it constantly within their reach.

-At a Presbyterian church, in Sarato-—At a Presbyterian church, in Saratoga, a sermon was recently delivered on the Christian's regatta toward the heavenly goal. He was described as feathering his oar with precision, turning the stakeboat of life with all the resolution of faith, coming down the desperate course of the homestretch with vigor, fixing his eye on the heavenly Referee and taking good care not to imitate the disciple Judas and break his soull. his soull.

—A distinguished clerical gentleman of Wisconsin is somewhat noted for parsimony, and for "dead-heading" his way on lecture tours, etc. He has been a great traveler, and at a social party in Madison in conversation with the lostess, he said: "Madam, do you know that I also, like Leander and ford Byron, swam across the Hellespont?" The lady said: "I have no doubt but what you did, rather than to pay your fare on a steamboat." -A distinguished clerical gentleman

-There is a Chinese establishment on camp street, near Julia, New Orleans, that manufactures a peppermint oil; and the following placard can be seen

in its show-window :
"the Peppermint Oil
for Hed ake Bellie

Tothd "Vier excellent auch ort to have a bottle in his pocket it will kure eny kine sickness ware it happen."

— Cnicken down is said to form

beautiful cloth when woven. For about a square yard of the material, a pound and a half of down is required. The pears to be a good opportunity here for some ingenious person to invent ma-chines to cut and treat feathers.

—Canon Kingsley, in his recent work "Health and Education," says: on "Health and Education," says:
"Did I try to train a young man of science to be true, devout, and earnest, accurate, and daring I should say:
Read what you will, but at least read Carlyle. It is a small matter to me, and I doubt not to him whather and I doubt not to him, whether you will agree with his special conclusions, but his premises and his method are irrefragable; for they stand on fact and common sense.

-Some enterprising St. Louisans, with a number of Southerners, have negotiated for a tract of territory, which has been found suitable for the growth in large quantities of the tropical plant, pita, the fibre of which is claimed to be superior to jute or hemp. These gentlemen are of the belief that very simple machinery will prepare their plant for market, and that its manufacture will prove very profitable, now that the production of hemp is de-oreasing in this country.

—The Chicago Tribune has been examining into food adulterations in that city. The special field selected has been an analysis of the groceries sold at the leading grocery stores it that city. Specimens have been bought from various establishments, in the usual course of trade, of sugar, coffee, tea, soap, syrups, cream of tartar, bak-ing powders, etc., and they have been subjected to analytical tests by a skillful chemist. The result shows that every article tested is adulterated to a greater or less degree.

—Many young people think that an idle life must be a pleasant one. But this is a sad mistake, as they would soon find out if they made a trial of the life they think so agreeable. One who is never busy can never enjoy rest; for rest implies a relie! from previous labor; and if our whole time were spent in amusing ourselves, we should find it more wearisome than the hardest day's work. Recreation is only valuable as it